

**what's with these  
homies dissin' my  
boy?**

**nicehcuse**

## what's with these homies dissin' my boy? by nicehcuse

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**Summary:**

In the middle of Summer in Derry, Maine, 1999, the last person Richie Tozier expected to see walked through his door.

From the chime of the bell to the entrance of his tattoo parlor, he meets eyes with none other than Eddie Kaspbrak.

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### Author's Note:

thank you so much for 100 kudos!! the fact that it took not even a few hours to get 200 hits while my other works took just about a year means so much. this is probably my favorite that i've written because i feel like my mental image came out just the way i wanted it to! i'm glad you guys enjoy just as much as i do ♥

□ In the middle of Summer in Derry, Maine, 1992, the last person Richie Tozier expected to see walked through his door.

□ From the chime of the bell to the entrance of his tattoo parlor, he meets eyes with none other than Eddie Kaspbrak.

□ “Eds?! Is that you?” Richie’s beaming, jogging over to meet such an old friend. Eddie smiles at him.

□ “Sure is, Richie. You haven’t changed a bit, running a tattoo shop.” Richie laughs, throwing an arm around his shoulders.

□ “Not once in my life did I think I would see *Eddie Kaspbrak* walk into my tattoo parlor. Man, what a sight for sore eyes!” He hesitates, facing Eddie. “Don’t turn that into a glasses joke.” Eddie puts up his hands in defense.

□ “So what is it today? Is this your first tattoo? God, I hope it is! I get to take your mom’s virginity and your tattoo virginity!” Eddie grimaces at the mental image.

□ “There’s no way you would’ve taken my mom’s virginity unless you’re my dad.” Richie gives him a look that would seem normal to anyone else, but seemed all too suspicious to Eddie.

□ “Some things are to remain a secret, Eds.” He groans, rolling his eyes before bitterly continuing.

□ “Anyways, *Tozier*, do you remember that time I broke my arm at

Neibolt and Greta Bowie wrote ‘loser’ on my cast, so my mom covered it up with a V so it said ‘lover’?” Richie nods, pulling out a piece of paper to start a design.

□“Classic Kaspbrak, getting a tattoo for his mom.” Richie laughs, sketching out the word and confirming it with Eddie before scanning it to print it.

□“So it’s been a while,” Eddie begins, fiddling with his thumbs.

□“Damn right it has, Eddie. How the hell have you not come to see me?” Richie says in a playfully hurt tone.

□“I work up in New York. I own a limousine company, which is pretty nice. I knew you stayed in Derry, though, so I came up to get the tattoo. I’m staying for a few weeks, though,” Eddie explains, watching the printer spit out the design onto transfer paper. Richie hums in acknowledgement and grabs the sheet, wetting it down.

□“Well, you came to the right place. Get in the chair, I’m way too excited to be tatting *the* Eddie Spaghetti.” He presses it onto Eddie’s skin who shivers from the cold contact. “Sorry, Eds. Probably should’ve warned you.” Peeling off the paper, he looks up at Eddie through his glasses and slips on some gloves.

□“You know this is going to hurt, right?” Eddie looks at him, partially offended.

□“Of course I do, Richie! You think I came here to get a tattoo and expect it to feel like a bubble bath?” Richie grins at him.

□“Sure won’t feel like your mom.” Eddie lets out a deep breath and bites his tongue. Richie turns on his machine, adjusts it, and dips his gun into black ink.

□“Here we go, Eds.” Eddie braces himself for the worst pain of his life and is surprised to find the sting of the needle only hurts like a constant piercing. He hisses at first, but says a small, “Oh,” after a few seconds.

□“Doesn’t hurt too bad, right? Eddie Kaspbrak, who fears all kinds of infections, is in my, Richie Tozier’s parlor. If anyone told me that, I’d

have to see your tattoo to believe it ever happened.” Richie laughed to himself, before asking, “So, you got a girl back home? New York is probably overflowing with hot stuff.” Eddie shakes his head.

□“No, I don’t. You can’t tell anyone else this, but I’m not too into girls.” Richie stops, leans back, and stares at him. If it wasn’t for the slight smile and sparkle in his eyes, Eddie would’ve thought he was going to kick him out.

□“You’re gay too? Holy shit, Eds, you’re just full of surprises today!” Richie laughs, wiping off Eddie’s arm and redips his gun before continuing the tattoo.

□“Too? Do you have a boyfriend?” Richie smiles.

□“No, but I got a dog a few weeks ago, she’s a sweetheart,” Richie begins, before finishing off by saying, “God, I fucking love dogs,” under his breath.

□“Like Kappy?” Eddie asks. Richie falters, taking the needle away from Eddie’s skin. He takes a shaky breath and nods, his voice softening.

□“Yeah. Like Kappy. She’s a German Shepherd too. I don’t think I realized how similar they are, damn subconscious.” Eddie lets out small laugh and realizes that after all these years, his Richie never changed. He still cracked jokes in times where he really shouldn’t. He gets pulled out of his thoughts and hisses a bit when Richie goes back to tracing the design.

□“I suppose it would be a bit redundant to ask you what you do now, considering you’re here-ouch-giving me a tattoo.” Richie smiles a glances up at Eddie to meet his eyes for a few seconds.

□“Typically, yeah, but it wouldn’t have been the first time you asked me something stupid.” Eddie coughs, offended, before murmuring, “Beep beep, Richie.” Richie laughs and continues, “But I have a band that I play music with sometimes. We’re called Trashmouth.” Eddie raises his brow, carefully watching as Richie finishes the ‘R’. “We don’t have too much of a following, but I mean, what can you expect playing rock music in Derry?” The bitterness in Richie’s voice makes

Eddie grin.

□ "I'm sure you're the only tattoo parlor in town, too." Richie scoffs, wipes down Eddie's arm and leans back.

□ "Sure am. I do have quite a reputation of being a good tattoo artist, though, so I don't make that shitty of an income. Enough to support myself and Eds." Richie hesitates before speaking again. "I, uh... named my dog after you. Didn't know when I'd see you again, or if I would, so she just took your name." Eddie stares at him for a moment, wide eyed.

□ "You replaced me with a dog?" Richie throws his head back and laughs, Eddie watching as his nose scrunches up and can't ignore the light feeling in his stomach.

□ "No way, Eds. No one could ever replace you. Dogs aren't hardly scared enough." Eddie shakes his head gazes at Richie's arms and notices a small tattoo at his wrist. As Richie is changing the ink in his gun, he hears a knowing, "Hey," from Eddie. When he looks up at him from his glasses, he follows his line of sight to a messy "BEEP BEEP" tattooed on his wrist. He pushes up his glove a bit so he can see it better.

□ "Yeah, it was my first tattoo. I did it myself once I got my hands on a kit. It's messy and the lines are blurry as shit, but it only felt fitting, you know?" Eddie nods slowly.

□ "What do you tell people when they ask about it?" Richie pushes up his glasses and shrugs.

□ "I don't. Doesn't feel right to tell people something like that, I feel like only us losers should know. Branding, and all." Eddie stifles a laugh, making Richie laugh too. He gently shakes the gun and grips Eddie's forearm again. "Ready, Eds?" Eddie sighs.

□ "Don't call me that." Richie starts again, stealing a glance at Eddie when he gasps. Writing the "V" takes hardly any time, but afterwards, Richie mutters, "Damn it!" Eddie immediately becomes worried, inspecting his tattoo and looking for anything wrong.

□ "I should've said ready, Eddie." Eddie meets Richie's eyes, who laughs again at the very unamused look on Eddie's face. "Sorry, Eds, didn't mean to scare you." He pats him on the back and realizes that after all these years, his Eddie never changed. He still was terrified of anything going wrong.

□ "You realize Kappy was named after you too, right?" Eddie stares at Richie, though Richie refuses to even look at him. "Kappy and Kaspbrak, get it?" Richie grins.

□ "Why did you name her after me then? We saw each other every day, Rich." Richie coughs, obviously not expecting Eddie to point that out. He stutters a bit and for once in Eddie's entire 13 years of knowing Richie, Trashmouth Tozier was at a loss for words.

□ "I mean, you never came over. No one came over. Also, you would never let me hug you the way Kappy would. It was like having an excited dog version of you around all the time, which isn't too intolerable, surprisingly." Eddie lets out a breathy laugh and this time he really can't ignore the butterflies that collect in his chest.

□ "Happy Kappy," Eddie mumbles, finally catching Richie's stare. Richie gives him a suspicious smile.

□ "Humpback Kaspbrak. Get it? Cause your mom-"

□ "I get it, Richie. Beep beep." Richie beams, the corners of his eyes crinkling behind his glasses. "You never change, you know that Richie?" Richie nods, following with, "You either, Eds." Richie wraps the tattoo and takes his gloves off, tossing them in the garbage bin.

□ "All set, Eddie Spaghetti. Happy with it?" Richie wraps an arm around Eddie's shoulders, still noticeably taller than him. Eddie glances down at the tattoo, smiling as he's met with a slightly raised LOSER tattoo, a V covering the S. As he's staring at his arm, he feels Richie plant a quick kiss in his hair. His smile falters but quickly turns into a grin.

□ "Yeah, Rich. I really am. Thanks. I'm kind of glad you're the only tattoo place in Derry." Richie gives him a confused, almost hurt look.

□"Kind of? Eddie, you should really take notes on manners from your mom. At least she says, 'Please,' in bed!" Eddie groans, rolling his eyes as Richie snickers. Eddie turns his head from his forearm to check out Richie's sleeve of tattoos currently hanging over his shoulder. He notices a stem connecting two bombs, imitating cherries. Eddie points at it and looks back up to Richie.

□"Cherry Bomb. Remember that one red Derry High letterman jacket I had that swallowed you whole when you wore it?" Eddie sighs, recalling the image and every time Richie poked fun at his height. Still, Eddie feels the same butterflies from before close in on his heart at the thought that Richie has a tattoo-a permanent piece of art on his body-to commemorate a nickname that sprouted from a jacket that was all too big for Eddie.

□"Anyways, congratulations, Eds! You're now a solid 0.5% more intimidating than you were before, which was an incredibly high number of not at all." Richie flashes him a grin before following him to the counter to pay.

□"Thanks a lot, Richie. I was kind of on edge about it, but I like it a lot." For the entire time Richie has known Eddie, he's paid him very few genuine compliments. This happened to be one that touched his heart in just the right way. "I don't know how much to tip, though." Richie put his hand over Eddie's on the counter and peered at him over his glasses.

□"Your love is a tip enough, baby boy." His mock seductive voice made Eddie roll his eyes, but the nickname-among the many others that had the same effect on him-settled into his mind for him to think and flush about over and over again once he got home. Suddenly, Richie gasped, telling him to wait there as Eddie watched him dart to the back, probably to get change.

□However, when Richie brought out a white electric guitar with multiple signatures and "TRASHM⊗UTH" scribbled in messy sharpie, Eddie was taken aback.

□"Unless you want to get even prettier, this might be the last time you're in here. Sign my guitar, Eds." Eddie looked up at Richie who took a sharpie off the edge of his apron, biting the cap off which



made Eddie wince. He took the marker and carefully wrote the same signature he used on checks before handing it back to Richie.

□“I might want to be prettier, though. So what happens if I come back?” Eddie asked, staring at a dumbfounded Richie, who shook his head a bit to collect his thoughts.

□“Well, Eddie Spaghetti, I’ll ask you what you’re getting this time and if you’re single, and if you are I’ll put you on the guest list for the next Trashmouth show. We always cover Buddy Holly,” he explains, winking at Eddie. Eddie flushes, nodding slowly.

□“Please tell me you don’t perform in some sleazy bar.” Richie laughs, shaking his head.

□“For you, Eds, we’ll book a nice cafe.” Eddie smiles at him, before telling him not to call him Eds.

□As he makes his way out, Richie calls to him and runs over. He gives Eddie a tight hug, whispering into his hair, “I missed you, Eddie. Real bad.” Eddie melts into his touch, staring up and down his sleeves of art that bring back so many memories, particularly the cherries on his forearm and a “BEEP BEEP” on his wrist.

□“You too, Rich.”